

Jan. 22nd.

My very dear Parlow Sisters,

I had every intention of sending this off in time to wish you a Merry Christmas, and here it is almost the end of January! So all I can do is to send the good wishes which may be sent at any time of year and hope that all goes well with you. It is sad for us not to have you on 72nd street any more, and it has been difficult for us to realize that you were so far away. We miss seeing you VERY much; I wish I could go to the telephone and plan a nice little tea party with you to-morrow! But we hear good news of you, and for your sakes, I am certainly glad that you are no longer associated with South Mountain. We are all filled with curiosity to know what will happen there next summer, and if it should die an undignified death, I would just as soon that you were not in on it. I saw Jay at New Years and he did not seem to know anything about future plans.

Mother and I went to the Henry-Richardsons for Christmas and I sat with Gordon. He told a tale about Willem which I am sure will amuse you. It seems the last summer the Francises had some music one evening. There were present the Gordon quartet and Robert Pitney, and they borrowed the Florent Schmitt quintet from me. I was terribly disappointed not to be able to go but was involved with the camp. To be brief, they expected to spend all evening on the Schmitt, but all went so well that it turned out to be a non stop flight (which is very remarkable with such a difficult piece of music) So they wanted to borrow some music to finish out the evening. First they called up Jay, but he was out, and then they called Willem. "O, Jackie, how are you? I am so glad to hear your voice. etc. etc. etc" Gordon asked whether they could borrow some music for the evening. "Why, of course. What do you want?" Gordon suggested the Beethoven op. 18. "Now that is too bad. I have 7 copies but they are all out. Students are being coached and I haven't a single complete copy on hand." Gordon: "Well, what have you got?" Willem: "What would you like?" "How about the Ravel?" "That is just too bad. I have a quartet that is working



Jan. 28th.

My very best love to your sister.

I had every intention of sending this off in time to wish you a Merry Christmas, and here it is almost the end of January! So all I can do is to send the good wishes which may be sent at any time of year and hope that all goes well with you. It is sad for us not to have you on 23rd Street any more, and it has been difficult for us to realize that you were so far away. We miss seeing you VERY much! I wish I could go to the telephone and give a nice little message with you to-morrow! But we hear good news of you, and for your sake, I am certainly glad that you are no longer associated with South Mountain. We are all filled with curiosity to know what will happen there next summer, and if it should be an undisturbed beach, I would just be glad that you were not in on it. I saw Jay at New Year's and he did not seem to know anything about future plans.

Mother and I went to the Henry-Richardson for Christmas and I sat with Gordon. He told a tale about William which I am sure will amuse you. It seems the last summer the Franchises had some music one evening. There were present the Gordon quartet and Robert Whitney, and they borrowed the Leonard Schmidt concerto from me. I was terribly disappointed not to be able to go but was involved with the camp. To be brief, they expected to spend all evening on the Schmidt, but all went so well that it turned out to be a non-stop flight (which is very remarkable with such a difficult piece of music). So they wanted to borrow some music to finish out the evening. First they called up Jay, but he was out, and then they called William. "O, Jackia, how are you? I am so glad to hear your voice, etc. etc. etc." Gordon asked whether they could borrow some music for the evening. "Why, of course. What do you want?" Gordon suggested the Beethoven op. 18. "Now that is too bad. I have 7 copies but they are all out. Students are being coached and I haven't a single complete copy on hand." Gordon: "Well, what have you got?" William: "What would you like?" "How about the Faurer?" "That is just too bad. I have a quartet that is working



on the Ravel. I am so sorry." "Have you the Mozarts?" "My 4 copies are all out-- it is a shame." \*\*\*\*\* and at this point Gordon ended his story and we were all in stitches. As Gordon said, if in the first place Willem had only said that he wouldn't lend any music-- but this stringing along, giving the impression all the time the he was being generosity itself. I would really like to know what was back of it all.

I went to the Driggs night before last, Louise's first quartet since the baby was born. It was a delightful evening with much pleasant conversation, and I was allowed to see the baby before I went home. I must say, I never ~~g~~ saw a prettier or more attractive baby. As a rule I am not over enthusiastic about the very young, but I was utterly enchanted by this one. It is nice having them right across the street. Marshall escorted me home airing the dog and with the cat perched on his shoulder. The cat, by the way, is fascinating, such fun to watch but very destructive, having a weakness for A strings.

I came back from Bryn Mawr on the midnight train last week-- a thing that I never do ordinarily, and had prepared to read and then take a snooze, when to my complete surprise I was addressed by a charming young man, namely Steven. He had been accompanying a violinist in Wilmington, and was on his way home. I had heard a little about him from Louise, and had gathered that he had a really good job. He told me considerably more about it himself, and seemed to be on the crest of the wave. He looked very well, and for my part I enjoyed our chance meeting very much. We have asked him to come to supper Sunday, and ~~he~~ have just had his acceptance.

I am in Bryn Mawr the middle of the week which is nicer for me than last year when I had to be there on Sundays. Also I have a better group than last year, but feel that as they take on more and more war work they will have less time for music. They do all sorts of things down there: Red Cross work, First Aid courses, Motor Mechanics, etc. So with an already full schedule they have very little extra time.

I know that you are not given to over-heavy corresponding, but do



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I know that you are not given to over-heavy corresponding, but do



remember that we are always eager to hear news of you and how things are going. How is your house? and I hear that you have two kittens! that is quite as it should be. I had a nice but very brief note from John Bateman saying how much he had enjoyed playing with you. I wondered if the pleasure had been all one-sided, or whether with time you had become a little more lenient towards the enthusiastic amateur.

If I don't stop soon this will be such a long epistle that you will never have time to read it through. Please forgive the mistakes. I do have to do some typing these days and decided to practise on my friends. In my first formal business letter I started out: Dear Sis, !!!

Much love to you both, *Helen* -

P.S. One important thing before I really stop,; the spoons give me no end of pleasure and are constantly admired. They are among my most treasured possessionS.



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With love to you both,

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